

this instant appeal to the intelligence that seemed curiously and typically French.

For this electric energy of the brain, which the Englishman tends to regard as a useful but dangerous means of getting work done, to the French mind seems rather a delightful source of illumination in which also to enjoy himself. He is not afraid of what it may reveal in corners and cupboards. *Le Français prévoit parce qu'il se méfie de la vie', says Madariaga,² 'L'Anglais ne prévoit pas parce qu'il se méfie de la pensée.' It is this frank passion for the intelligence — the Greeks, too, had it — coupled with a social sense of the politeness of making oneself easily understood, and with an aesthetic love of lucidity of form for its own sake, that gives French writing what Anatole France has called its three crowning qualities: 'd'abord la clarté, puis encore la clarté, et enfin la clarté'.

It is, indeed, time to turn to the more purely literary results of these national differences. The writers of a race are its children, and so share its qualities; but they may also, as exceptional children, be rebels, and in violent reaction against those qualities. This is particularly true of England; both because we are commonly individualists, and because the English artist has so often to fight with both Puritan and Philistine. Often, indeed, the Puritan and the Philistine are inside himself. That is partly why the English have excelled in literature

rather than other
arts; for literature is closest to the activities
of every day,
and is also best able to influence these
daily activities,
by imparting useful knowledge or preaching
useful ser-
mons. Literature, in a word, is the least
pure of the Fine
Arts; and therefore, to the Puritan, the least
impure. But
if our passion for the useful and the moral
has served

is, Franfais, Espagnols, a brilliant book in which
I have found
much to agree with, much to learn.